

BLOW THAT KILLED BANKER FISH WAS RESULT OF JEALOUSY.

Sharkey, the Lover of Mrs. Phillips, Was Incensed at the Attention Paid to Her by the Banker and in His Rage He Killed Him.

never recovered consciousness after receiving the terrible blow from Sharkey.

Mrs. Fish was prostrated from the tragedy which followed so soon after the death of her son Hamilton at the battle of Las Guasimas. She was taken to a private ward in the hospital, where she rested a few hours and was then escorted to her town house in Irving Place by her brothers-in-law, Stuyvesant and Hamilton Fish.

Messages of sympathy poured into the Fish home all day.

WOMAN CONFESSES HOW MR. FISH WAS MURDERED.

To Capt. Haughey, of the West Thirty seventh street station, Mrs. Nellie Casey, one of the women who were with Banker Fish when he received the injuries that caused his death, made this statement to-day:

"Mrs. Libbie Phillips was a friend of Banker Fish. She had met him on several occasions, and she often spoke to me of him. She lives in the lower flat of No. 439 West Thirty-fourth street and collects the rents from the tenants there and in the adjoining apartment. I live across the hall from her with my husband and three-year-old daughter. My husband is a musician in Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre.

"About 2.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Phillips and I went out for a walk. At the corner of Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street we met Mr. Fish. He took us in Erhardt's and treated us. We had something to eat and a good deal to drink. He drank whiskey throughout the afternoon. Mrs. Phillips and I took beer.

"We had been in the place all of three hours when Mr. Sharkey dropped in. He is an admirer of Mrs. Phillips and didn't take kindly to Mr. Fish's presence. Mr. Fish invited him to have a drink, and told the waiter to bring him pen and ink, as he wanted to make out a check.

"Sharkey didn't know Mr. Fish and began to guy him about trying to get a check cashed. He said he didn't think Erhardt would be fool enough to take his paper. This angered Mr. Fish. He was just far enough gone to be ugly, and he talked so loud that one of the waiters asked him to leave. He paid no attention and poured out a tirade of abuse on Sharkey. The detective reached over and slapped Mr. Fish across the face.

"The waiter took hold of Mr. Fish and led him toward the door. Sharkey jumped up to follow, but Mrs. Phillips grabbed him by the coat. He broke away from her and reached Mr. Fish just at the head of the little flight of stairs leading to the street. Sharkey pushed the waiter aside and struck Mr. Fish with full force in the back of the head and sent him reeling head over heels down the steps on to the sidewalk. When Mr. Fish struck the flags he lay motionless.

"Sharkey rushed past him and darted into the side door of Commerford's saloon, which is on the corner of Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, just next door to the restaurant. Mrs. Phillips and I ran out. She picked up Sharkey's hat and, running around to the Eighth avenue door of the saloon, handed it to him. He jumped on a car and went uptown. We then hurried home and learned nothing of the death of Mr. Fish until we were arrested."

PROPRIETOR ERHARDT TELLS OF FATAL BLOW.

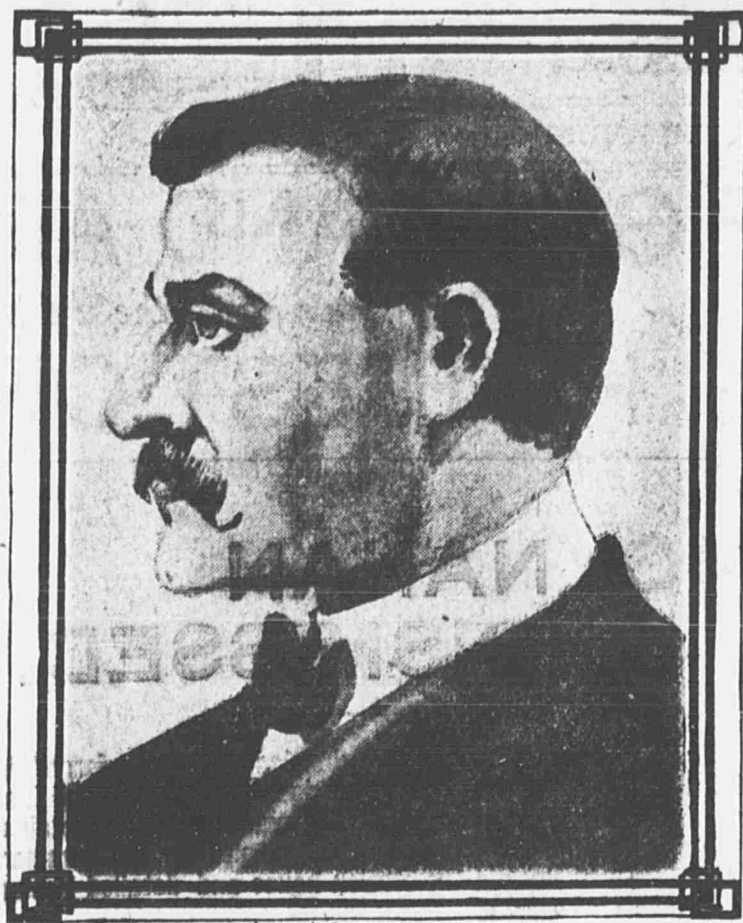
Charles Erhardt, one of the proprietors of the cafe at No. 265 West Thirty-fourth street, was an eye witness of the murder of Banker Fish. He gives a different version from that furnished the police by Mrs. Casey, one of the banker's companions in the fatal carouse.

BY CHARLES ERHARDT.

I have known Sharkey for more than two months. He came in here frequently with Mrs. Phillips. They used to dine and drink together, but they behaved themselves. Occasionally Mrs. Casey came in with them. I did not know Banker Fish. He has never been in my place before to my knowledge.

It was about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the old man came in with the two ladies. They went to the rear room on the east side of the cafe. On the west side is the bar. A waiter named Heinick served them.

They had been at their table for over an hour when Sharkey came in. He took a drink at the bar. When he was walking out he saw the old gentleman with the two women. I could see he was jealous. He walked over and said something and then came back to the bar and had another drink. Then he went back to the table and had some words with the old man. I didn't like the disturbance and called the waiter. He said there was some



THOMAS J. SHARKEY

argument between the men about a check. I told him to go over and tell them they would have to keep quiet or leave.

I didn't see any blows struck in my place. The old man got up and walked out with the two women and Sharkey followed.

As the old gentleman reached the curb I saw Sharkey hit him and knock him flat. Then Sharkey ran toward Eighth avenue. Mrs. Phillips picked up his hat and followed him while Mrs. Casey hurried off in the opposite direction.

DETAILS FOLLOWING THE MURDEROUS BLOW.

Mrs. Casey's confession told of the row in the saloon. The police take it up at that point and say that while Mr. Fish lay on the sidewalk surrounded by a crowd, Policemen Lawless came up. Before his arrival some one had taken off the banker's gold watch and chain and handed them to the barkeeper of Commerford's saloon, fearing they would be lost.

An ambulance was summoned from Roosevelt Hospital, and Dr. Havens, who responded, discovered no skull fracture, but said the unconscious man was suffering from alcoholism. He was taken to the hospital and placed in a public ward. The skull fracture was at once discovered and preparations for an immediate operation were begun.

Meanwhile an employee of Erhardt's called at the hospital and informed Supt. Lathrop of Mr. Fish's identity. He assured him that Mr. Fish was a patron of the place and there could be no doubt of his identity.

The hospital authorities at once telephoned to Mr. Fish's home at No. 53 Irving Place. When told that Mrs. Fish was at Tuxedo they asked that she be notified at once and suspended preparations for the operation pending her arrival. Meanwhile Mr. Fish was removed to a private room.

Supt. Lathrop said to-day that he could not give out any details of Mr. Fish's death unless authorized to do so by Mrs. Fish and she was unable to give that permission as she is suffering from complete collapse.

The only statement given out at the hospital was as follows: "Following an operation for fracture at the base of the skull, Mr. Nicholas Fish died at 2.45 o'clock this morning."

Three Well Known.

Policemen Lawless, who summoned the ambulance for Mr. Fish, reported at the station-house that an unidentified man had been picked up at Thirty-fourth street, near Eighth avenue, in a state of alcoholic coma and had been removed to Roosevelt Hospital.

That was as far as he went with the case, and it was not until some time later that Capt. Haughey got word that an assault had occurred in Erhardt's. Detectives sent out to investigate soon learned that the women and the man concerned in the assault on Mr. Fish were well-known characters about Thirty-fourth street. Sharkey was familiar because of several similar assaults he had made on men whom he found drinking in the saloons of the neighborhood with Mrs. Phillips.

A salesman in one of the large Sixth avenue retail stores dropped into Commerford's saloon after the assault and was greeted by the hangers-on with the announcement that the fate he met a week ago for treating Mrs. Phillips had been dealt out to another man. The salesman went to Capt. Haughey and told him of Sharkey's identity and said that Mrs. Phillips lived somewhere in



NICHOLAS FISH.

SHARKEY'S TWO STORIES ABOUT THE BANKER'S DEATH

While waiting arraignment before Coroner Jackson this morning Thomas J. Sharkey gave this version of the death of Banker Nicholas Fish:

BY THOMAS J. SHARKEY.

I went into Erhardt's saloon yesterday afternoon and saw Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Casey, both of whom I have known for some time. One of the exclaimed: "Why, there's Tom Sharkey. Come over here, Tom."

I went over, sat down with them and treated. The old man bought a round and we had several more drinks. I had been seated there half an hour when I said: "Come, girls; it's time to be moving."

The old man didn't like that, and, whirling around his elbow, he gave me a poke in the face. I said, "I'm much obliged to you for that."

We laughed the thing off and had another round of drinks, and then all stood up. There are two doors to the place. The old man went out one and I took the other. As I passed out of the door I saw the old man roll down the steps and lay flat on the sidewalk. That's all I know about it.

Later in the day, after he had recovered somewhat, Sharkey said: "Fish called me a foul name. Then I turned and struck him. I only hit him once. Thinking that I had not harmed him to any great extent I returned to the saloon.

"I thought he was only drunk and unable to get up. I got my hat and had two drinks with Mrs. Phillips. I went back to my place on Thirty-fourth street and really thought no more of the matter. Later in the evening one of my friends told me that Mr. Fish had been taken to the hospital. At 12 o'clock another man called me and told me he was dying.

"I did not know of Mr. Fish's death until the policeman called at the house and arrested me. I was at home and had made no attempt whatever to run away. It is not true that I was hiding in the cellar of the house."

AUTOPSY REVEALS BRAIN WAS BADLY LACERATED.

Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon, assisted by Coroner Jackson, who is also a physician, performed an autopsy on the body of Mr. Fish to-day in the operating room of Roosevelt Hospital. More than two hours were taken in the work, and at its conclusion Dr. O'Hanlon said that the immediate cause of death was cerebral hemorrhage of the brain, due to violence, and that he had found the brain in a badly lacerated condition. This condition, they said, was undoubtedly due to a blow.

Immediately after the examination had been completed the body of the dead man was taken by Undertaker James H. Lewis, of No. 141 East Sixteenth street, to the Fish residence at No. 53 Irving Place.

Supt. Lathrop, of Roosevelt Hospital, was asked about the statements attributed to the police to the effect that the hospital authorities were to blame for not notifying them of the seriousness of the case. They say they had been told it was a case of chronic alcoholism.

"We do not do police work," said Mr. Lathrop. "The police were not hindered in their work. When a doctor goes out after a patient of that sort he takes the patient to the hospital and the case is really diagnosed when the patient reaches the institution. I do not see why the police always attack the hospital."

SHARKEY WARNS WOMEN PRISONERS TO BE SILENT.

Sharkey was sullen with drink when taken from the station house to the West Side Court. While he was in the prisoners' cage he refused to make a statement, but denied striking Mr. Fish. "The old guy was drunk and fell. That's all there was to it," he said.

"These ladies are friends of mine," he said, turning to the women, who were prisoners with him. "Mrs. Casey I haven't known long, but Mrs. Phillips is a particular friend of mine." "Now, my dears," he said, turning to the women, "don't you worry. I'll get you out of this all right. Just remember, 'Mum's the word.'"

The women took his warning as far as talking about the tragedy was concerned, but Mrs. Phillips said she had known Mr. Fish for some time and frequently had refreshments with him in the place where he met his death. She refused to say how she met him. Mrs. Casey was in tears over her imprisonment. "I wouldn't be surprised," she said, "to find that my husband had taken all the furniture out of our flat and begun suit for divorce. I couldn't blame him."

Second Tragedy That Has Shadowed the Life of Mrs. Fish—Story of Her Son's Heroic Death at Santiago Recalled.

Mrs. Casey had made a statement to the police before Sharkey could warn her to silence.

CAREER OF THE MURDERED MAN.

The dead banker was a son of Hamilton Fish, who sat in the Cabinet of Grant as Secretary of State. He was a banker at No. 120 Broadway, and had for many years been prominent in this, his native city, in club, social and historical affairs. Though a man of great wealth, he had not been conspicuous in financial circles, as his operations had always been carried forward with the utmost conservatism and absence of notoriety.

In Diplomatic Service.

On Feb. 18, 1848, Mr. Fish was born, graduating nineteen years later from Columbia College, and at the age of twenty-one he was graduated from the Dean Law School of Harvard University. In 1871 Mr. Fish was appointed Second Secretary to the United States Legation at Berlin and in 1874 he was raised to the post of First Secretary. From that post he was made Charge d'Affaires of the Swiss Federation, and in 1881 was made United States Minister to Belgium, a post which he held until 1886, when he resigned from the diplomatic service and returned to New York to go into the banking business.

During the fifteen years that Mr. Fish had been in business in New York he added very largely to the considerable fortune with which he started life, but he never made money-getting a passion. He has been active in the affairs of the New York Historical Society, of which he was Second Vice-President, and he was also one of the most prominent members of the Order of the Cincinnati. At the great dinner tendered to Count Rochambeau at the Waldorf-Astoria in May Mr. Fish was the presiding member of the order.

His name was on the membership books of the Metropolitan, the University, the Century, the New York Yacht, the Lawyers', the Players', the Tuxedo, the University Glee and the University Athletic Clubs, as well as the St. Andrew Society, the Del Tau and the Columbia Alumni Association.

Sharkey a Powerful Man.

Thomas J. Sharkey, the accused man, is forty-eight years old and has an office at No. 112 Centre street. He is a powerful in-built man, five feet six inches tall, with a massive pair of shoulders. Around Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue he has been known for many years as a friend of Mrs. Phillips, and is said to have been very jealous of her. Phillips has been known by her maiden name of Sleight. She is thirty-eight years old. Her father is a well-known Philadelphia physician. She has been a frequent visitor in the saloons in the vicinity of her residence. Mrs. Casey is a rather handsome woman of about thirty years of age. She is little known in the neighborhood as she went to live there only a short while ago.

VALUE OF TESTIMONY.

Greater Than Aid. There is none of us so handicapped but that we have been able to aid our fellow-creatures by conferring a benefit or bringing a little comfort into their lives we like to have appreciation shown. This generally affords more pleasure than the performance of the deed itself, and in this connection the following letter from a Pyramidee lady is of more than usual interest: "Dear Friends: I address you as such, for you have been such to me. I suffered for three years off and on with piles. I was treated at the hospital, and the new and elegant hospital, of Memphis; they only gave me temporary relief. I came West, thinking the change of air and water would benefit me; five months ago the bleeding piles came back on me, and bled so much that I thought I would die. I have had four of the finest doctors in this section of Texas; all they did was to finally nearly let me go to my grave; all they wanted was a big sum of money from me and to operate on me. I said no, no surgeon's knife would enter me; if it was my time to die God knew it, and when I died I would die all together. I began hearing about your medicine. I had no faith in you, but I sent and got a box of your Pyramidee Pile Cure; in two days the blood flow had slackened to one-half the amount, and in one week I felt so much better I walked four blocks and did a little housework. I was not bleeding then; in three weeks I was well. God bless you for putting such a wonderful medicine within the reach of suffering men and women. I shall never cease to recommend your medicine or be without it; also I used your Pyramidee Pills. Sallie A. Hearndon."

Testimony like this should be more convincing than all claims and assertions, and should leave no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the merit of the remedy. Pyramidee Pile Cure is sold by druggists for 50 cents a package, or will be mailed by the makers to any address upon receipt of price. Write Pyramidee Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., for their book on cause and cure of piles.

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